

2001: A SPACE
ODYSSEY

MARVEL® COMICS GROUP



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BEGIN A NEW JOURNEY TO THE STARS-AND BEYOND!!

BASED ON CONCEPTS
FROM THE MGM/
STANLEY KUBRICK
PRODUCTION



2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

AS DOOM
PURSUED
HIM, HIS
NEW LIFE
BEGAN--

WHEELS
OF
DEATH!



STAN LEE PRESENTS:

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY™

BASED ON CONCEPTS OF THE MGM MOVIE BY STANLEY KUBRICK AND ARTHUR C. CLARKE

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ONE MAN'S SENSE OF DESTINY SPARKS A REVOLUTION IN THE
EARLY DAWN OF TIME!! IS IT AN ACCIDENT OF HISTORY--OR
THE PLAN OF AN ALIEN INTELLIGENCE?? ALL WE KNOW IS
THAT SOMEWHERE, AT SOME DATE IN THE DISTANT PAST--
SOMEONE RODE THE--

WHEELS OF DEATH!!

PART TWO
OF "MARAK--THE
WARRIOR KING!"

THIS IS THE MONOLITH!
WAS ITS PRESENCE IN THE
PAST A CLUE TO MAN'S
FUTURE?

WE WON'T GIVE
THEM TIME!

GO FORWARD
AND STRIKE HARD!!

THE ENEMY
GATHERS
TO STOP US,
MARAK!!

IT WILL BE SOME 200,000 YEARS BEFORE NAPOLEON SWEEPS ACROSS EUROPE TO A WINTRY DEFEAT IN RUSSIA... BUT MARAK HAS ALREADY FORGED A UNIFIED ARMY FROM A SMALL NUCLEUS OF STONE AGE HUNTERS. WHEN HE MEETS THE INVENTOR OF THE WHEEL, MARAK MOVES AGAINST THE WORLD!!

SMASH THE FOE!!
HE CANNOT STAND AGAINST US!!

FORWARD!! FORWARD!! WE ARE INVINCIBLE!!

DEATH TO ALL WHO OPPOSE US!!

TAKE ALL THOSE WE DO NOT KILL--

--AND MAKE THEM PART OF US!

THUS, WE GROW LARGER!

THUS, WE CONQUER!!

STAND FAST! DO NOT RUN!!

SEE! THEY ARE EVIL SPIRITS!

THEIR WEAPONS FLASH IN THE SUN-- LIKE FIRE!!

THEY HAVE HARNESSSED DEMON BEASTS WHO MOVE LIKE THE WIND!!

FLEE, YOU VERMIN! FLEE BEFORE THE FIGHTERS OF MARAK !!!

THE ENEMY IS FEAR-STRICKEN!! HE MAKES A FEEBLE ATTEMPT AT RESISTANCE-- BUT WEAPONS OF STONE ARE NO MATCH FOR WHAT MARAK HURLS AGAINST THEM!

HOLD FAST!!

BUT OUR SPEARS CAN'T STOP THEM!!

THIS MARAK IS A DEMON'S OWN WHELP!!



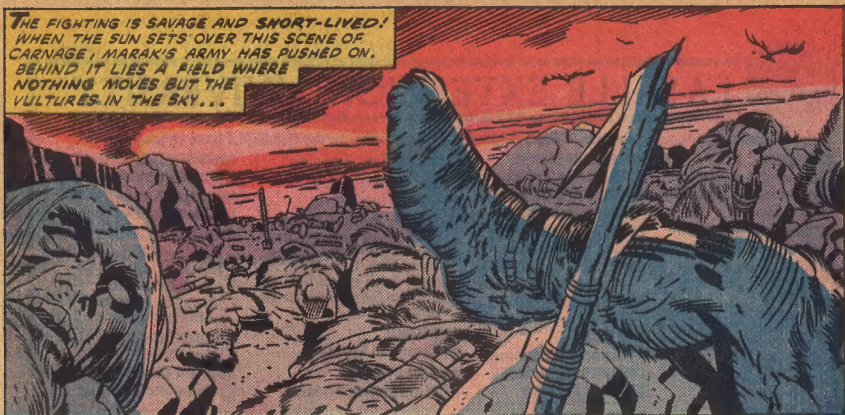
STONE AGE AXES, SPEARS AND ARROWS FLY AND SHATTER AGAINST TEMPERED METAL! THE ENEMY, LIKE HIS WEAPONS, FINDS HIMSELF OUTCLASSSED AND OBSOLETE!!



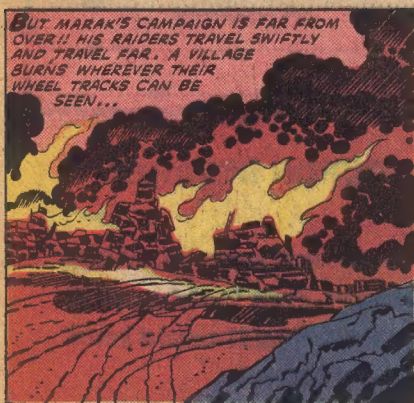
CRIES OF DISMAY TURN TO HOWLS OF PAIN!! IT IS THE DAY OF THE SWORD-- AND THE SWORD BELONGS ONLY TO MARAK'S RAIDERS!! THEY CUT THROUGH THE ENEMY LIKE REAPERS THROUGH A FIELD OF WHEAT!



THE FIGHTING IS SAVAGE AND SHORT-LIVED! WHEN THE SUN SETS OVER THIS SCENE OF CARNAGE, MARAK'S ARMY HAS PUSHED ON. BEHIND IT LIES A FIELD WHERE NOTHING MOVES BUT THE VULTURES IN THE SKY...



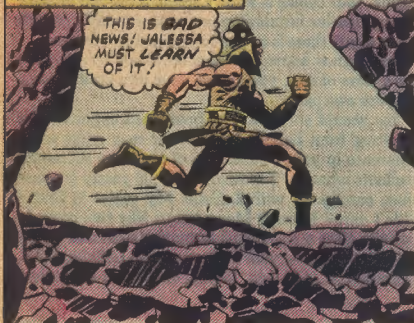
BUT MARAK'S CAMPAIGN IS FAR FROM OVER!! HIS RAIDERS TRAVEL SWIFTLY AND TRAVEL FAR. A VILLAGE BURNS WHEREVER THEIR WHEEL TRACKS CAN BE SEEN...



THUS, THE NAME OF MARAK REACHES ACROSS UNDREAMED OF DISTANCES; THOSE WHO ESCAPE HIS SWORD CARRY TALES THAT PAINT HIS IMAGE IN WORDS OF TERROR!



THERE COMES A DAY WHEN THIS FEAR SPREADS TO JALESSA'S LAND. HERE, THE WORD IS CARRIED BY RUNNERS WHO COMPOSE THE COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEM DEVISED BY THE WISE RULER HERSELF...



ALONG A CHAIN OF STONE OUT-POSTS, EACH RUNNER DELIVERS THE MESSAGE TO THE NEXT...



THE NAME OF MARAK REACHES THE FABLED RULER WHO RECEIVES IT WITH A COOL AND STUDIED SERENITY...

SURELY JALESSA CANNOT IGNORE MY MESSAGE!

OUR RUNNERS NEVER LIE, FAIREST ONE!

SO IT SEEMS...

THIS PLACE IS IN GREAT DANGER!!

JALESSA IS THE DESCENDANT OF A LINE OF FEMALE RULERS WHO ESTABLISHED A MATRIARCHY WHICH HAS FLOURISHED AND GROWN AND GATHERED TO IT MANY TRIBES IN NEED OF WISDOM.

B-BUT, THIS MAY BE THE END OF US, IF WE DO NOT ARM FOR BATTLE THIS VERY MOMENT!!

THE TERROR SWEEPS FORWARD LIKE THE WIND, WISE ONE!

YOUR WORDS ARE NOT LOST ON ME!

LIKE THE RULERS BEFORE HER, JALESSA HAS BEEN TRAINED TO DISTILL FACT FROM WILD EXAGGERATION. IT IS EVIDENT THAT SOME UNKNOWN BARBARIAN HAS GATHERED A SIZEABLE FORCE AND HAS MOVED IT ACROSS A VAST DISTANCE. SHE BEGINS TO REFLECT MORE UPON THE MAN, THAN UPON THE DANGER...

THIS IS A TIME WHEN WE SHALL BE SORELY TESTED!

THERE WILL BE ANSWERS IN THE SPIRIT CHAMBER. I MUST NOT BE DISTURBED!

YOU SHALL BE OBEYED.

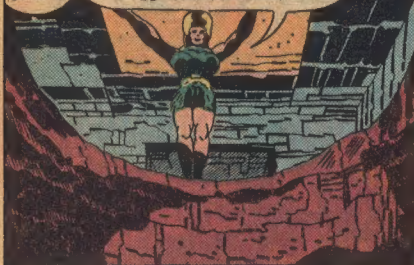
THE SPIRIT CHAMBER IS APTLY NAMED—FOR THERE IS A SPIRIT HERE. IT REVEALS ITSELF TO JALESSA ALONE. WHEN THE SPIRIT COMES, IT HOVERS ABOVE A GREAT PIT AND GIVES HER A COUNSEL ON MAKING DIFFICULT DECISIONS.

THIS MARAK I AM TOLD TO FEAR, SEEMS MORE LIKE A VISION OF DESTINY THAN A DEMON FROM THE MOUTH OF DARKNESS!

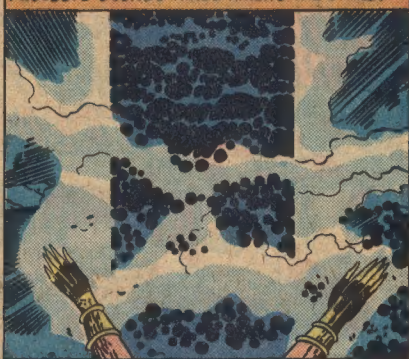
JALESSA FEELS A STRANGE STIRRING IN THE CHAMBER AND KNOWS THAT THE LINK BETWEEN HERSELF AND THE STONE SPIRIT GROWS STRONGER. SOON, IT WILL APPEAR...

COME TO ME, SPIRIT!

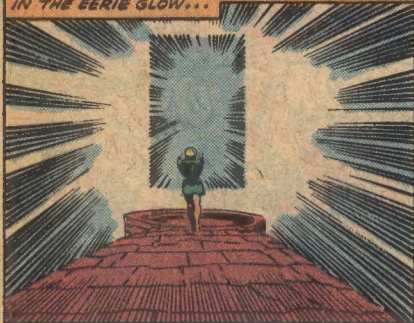
WEAVE YOURSELF INTO BEING, AS DESTINY WEAVES MY LIFE WITH THE FIBERS THAT SHAPE LIVES EVERYWHERE.



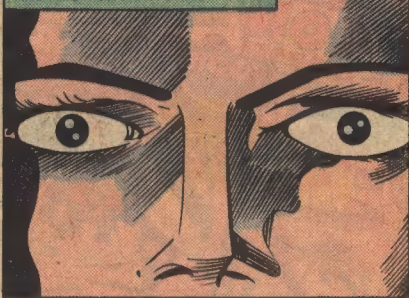
THE MONOLITH APPEARS IN A PATTERN OF CRACKLING ENERGY, ALIEN TO THE EARTH, IT PROJECTS SOUNDS MADE AMONG THE STARS.



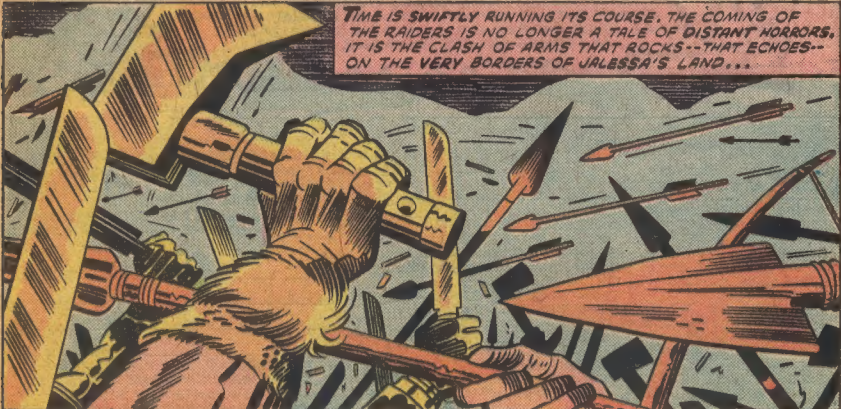
A STRANGE BOND EXISTS BETWEEN THESE TWO. YET, JALESSA IS UNAWARE THAT IT HAS APPEARED TO OTHERS--TO MARAK AS WELL. THE GIRL MOVES FORWARD TO STAND IN THE EERIE GLOW...



THEN, HER EVERY THOUGHT FLIES OPEN TO THE INSCRUTABLE STONE, AS VISIONS POUR INTO HER MIND IN EXCHANGE. FOR MANY LONG MINUTES SHE WILL RECEIVE THESE IMAGES WITHOUT FEAR. THEY WILL MOLD HER FUTURE--AND HUMANITY'S ALIKE.



TIME IS SWIFTLY RUNNING ITS COURSE. THE COMING OF THE RAIDERS IS NO LONGER A TALE OF DISTANT HORRORS. IT IS THE CLASH OF ARMS THAT ROCKS--THAT ECHOES--ON THE VERY BORDERS OF JALESSA'S LAND...



IT IS A FORCE PROTECTED BY METAL SHIELDS!!

THE FOE STRIKES!
BUT HE DOES NOT
WOUND!

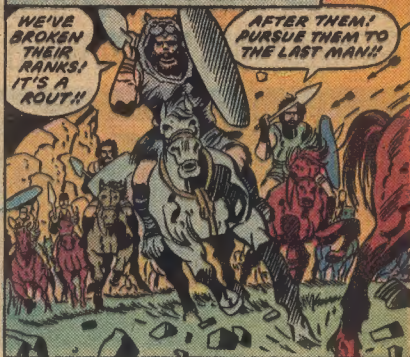
DRIVE
THEM
FROM THE
FIELD!!



**IT IS CAVALRY! FEARSOME AND DEADLY, IT
THUNDERS TO ITS TASK WITH A KILLING
EFFICIENCY NEVER SEEN BEFORE!!**

WE'VE
BROKEN
THEIR
RANKS!
IT'S A
ROUGH

AFTER THEM!
PURSUE THEM TO
THE LAST MAN!!



**IT IS A CARAVAN OF FOOD AND SUPPLIES THAT
MOVES WITH THE RAIDERS ACROSS VAST DISTANCES.
MARAK HAS REVOLUTIONIZED TRIBAL WARFARE
ON A GRAND SCALE.**

FASTER, YOU
DOLLARDS!
WE'VE LOST
SIGHT OF
OUR FIGHTERS!

DOES
MARAK
NEVER
WEARY?

ARE WE EVER
TO REACH THIS
JALESSA'S LAND?!

SEE TO
THE
STRAGGLERS!
MOVING!

KEEP
THEM
MOVING!



**THIS IS MARAK'S DREAM, NEARING ITS FRUITION!
THE VISIONS WHICH HAVE PLAGUED AND DRIVEN
HIM ARE ALMOST A REALITY!!**

ONWARD!
ONWARD!!



**FINALLY, THERE ARE NO MORE HILLS TO BE
CROSSED. THE PRIZE STANDS BEFORE HIM ON A
GREAT UNBROKEN PLAIN. THE WALLS--THE
LARGE MOUND-LIKE STRUCTURES--AT LAST
ARE WITHIN HIS GRASP!**

JALESSA'S
LAND! THIS
IS WHERE
SHE RULES!!



BUT AWAITING MARAK'S BLOW IS A DEFENSE OF MASSIVE SIZE. THE WALLS BRISTLE WITH WEAPONS AND ORGANIZATION. EQUAL TO HIS OWN. MANY ARE DESTINED TO DIE ON BOTH SIDES.

**FORM THE BATTLE LINE!
MOVE FORWARD
WHEN THE WORD
IS GIVEN!!**

**BEHOLD!
THE RAIDERS
ARE AT OUR
VERY GATES!**

**THAT IS A
MIGHTY HOST!
BUT THEY
SHALL KNOW
DEFEAT
THIS DAY!**

**THEY SHALL
ALSO GET
THEIR FIRST
TASTE OF
FLAMING
PITCH!**

EVENTS SEEM PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF SLAUGHTER WHEN HUGE GATES ARE SUDDENLY FLUNG OPEN. A HORSE PLUNGES THROUGH, BEARING A FEMALE RIDER...

**MAKE
WAY!
MAKE
WAY!**

THIS DEVELOPMENT IS TOTALLY UNEXPECTED. THE FEMALE RIDES WITH PURPOSE TOWARD THE RAIDERS...

**SEE, MARAK! THE
ENEMY SENDS US
A FEMALE! SHALL
I SEIZE HER!?**

**HOLD YOUR
PLACE! SEIZE
HER AT YOUR
PERIL!**

THE GIRL HALTS HER MOUNT BEFORE MARAK. HER GAZE FASTENS UPON THE FACE BENEATH THE HELMET. SHE PROBES THE EYES, NOW WIDE WITH WONDER...

**YOU ARE A STRANGER,
YET I HAVE SEEN
YOU BEFORE.**

**HAVE
YOU
EVER
SEEN
ME?**

**MANY TIMES, IN A
THOUSAND DREAMS!
AND ONCE, IN A
BRIGHT VISION
INSPIRED BY
A STONE
SPIRIT!**

**REMOVE YOUR
HELMET, MARAK!
AS YOU CAN
SEE -- I AM
NOT
DRESSED
FOR WAR!!**



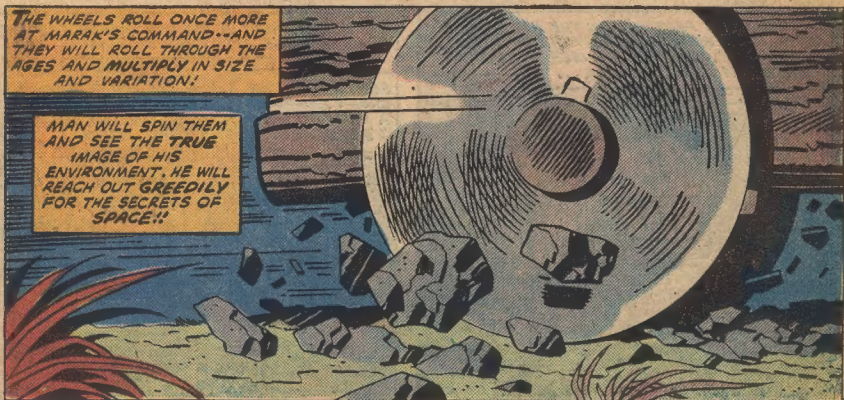
YOU ARE JALESSA.
MY QUEST TO FIND YOU
IS AT AN END.

OUR DESTINY HAS
JUST BEGUN, MARAK!



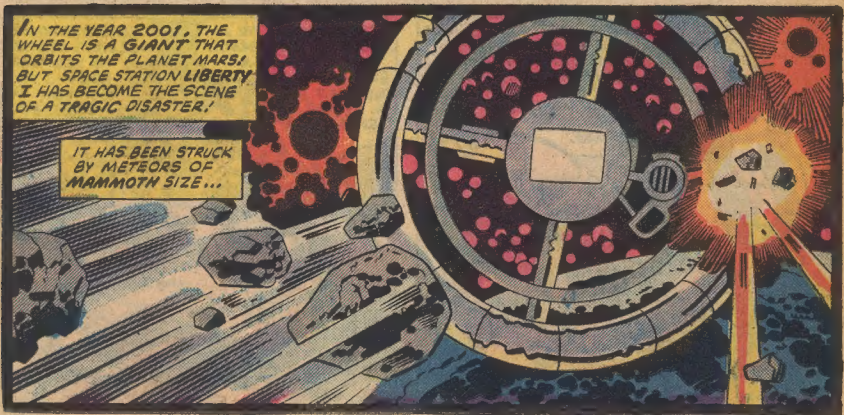
IT IS A MEETING WHICH NOT ONLY
TRANSCENDS BATTLES; BUT ALSO
FORCES HISTORY INTO GREAT
CHANGES. MARAK WILL CONTINUE TO
FIGHT, AND JALESSA WILL RULE.
THE MONOLITH, IN ITS OWN
MYSTERIOUS WAY, HAS COM-
PLETED THIS STAGE OF A
COSMIC PROCESS.

COME,
MARAK!
WE SHALL
GO
FORWARD...
TOGETHER
!!



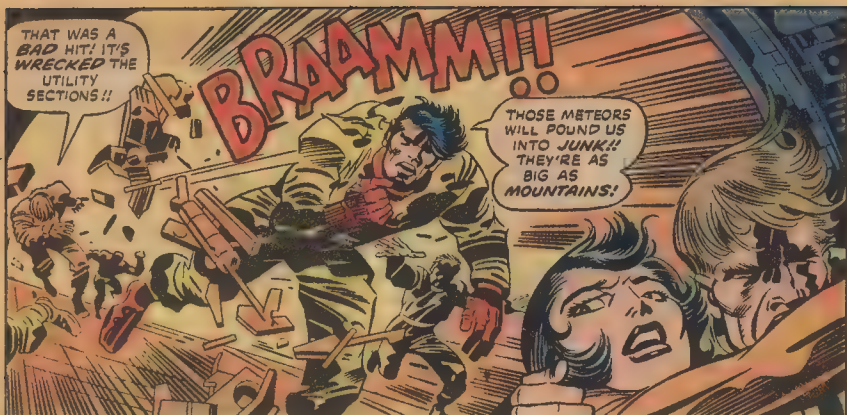
THE WHEELS ROLL ONCE MORE
AT MARAK'S COMMAND--AND
THEY WILL ROLL THROUGH THE
AGES AND MULTIPLY IN SIZE
AND VARIATION!

MAN WILL SPIN THEM
AND SEE THE TRUE
IMAGE OF HIS
ENVIRONMENT. HE WILL
REACH OUT GREEDILY
FOR THE SECRETS OF
SPACE!!



IN THE YEAR 2001, THE
WHEEL IS A GIANT THAT
ORBITS THE PLANET MARS!
BUT SPACE STATION LIBERTY
I HAS BECOME THE SCENE
OF A TRAGIC DISASTER!

IT HAS BEEN STRUCK
BY METEORS OF
MAMMOTH SIZE...



THAT WAS A
BAD HIT! IT'S
WRECKED THE
UTILITY
SECTIONS!!

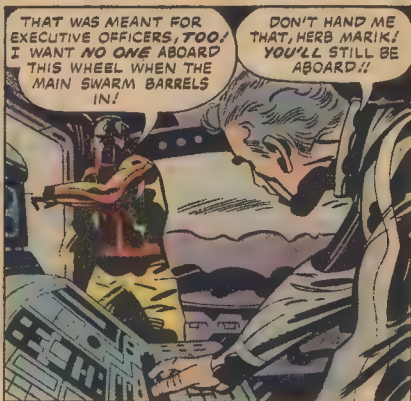
BRAAMM!!

THOSE METEORS
WILL POUND US
INTO JUNK!!
THEY'RE AS
BIG AS
MOUNTAINS!



ALL PERSONNEL!
ABANDON THE
LIBERTY I!

THIS IS
COMMANDER
MARIK!! I WANT
THAT ORDER
OBEYED
IMMEDIATELY!!



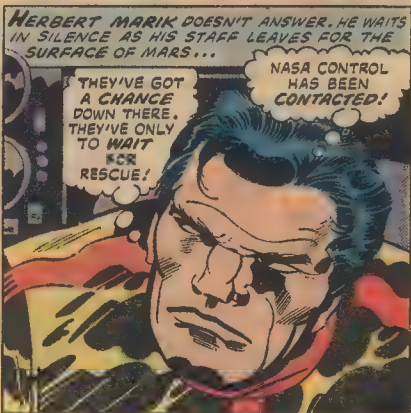
THAT WAS MEANT FOR
EXECUTIVE OFFICERS, TOO!
I WANT NO ONE ABOARD
THIS WHEEL WHEN THE
MAIN SWARM BARRELS
IN!

DON'T HAND ME
THAT, HERB MARIK!
YOU'LL STILL BE
ABOARD!!



STOW IT! DON'T MAKE ME
PUSH YOU EVERY INCH OF
THE WAY TO THE ESCAPE
SHUTTLE! CARRY OUT
MY ORDER!!

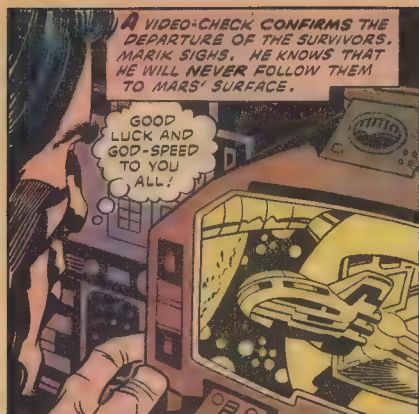
OKAY--OKAY!
BUT I EXPECT
YOU TO FOLLOW
US IN A SPACE
POD--UNDER-
STAND?!



HERBERT MARIK DOESN'T ANSWER. HE WAITS
IN SILENCE AS HIS STAFF LEAVES FOR THE
SURFACE OF MARS...

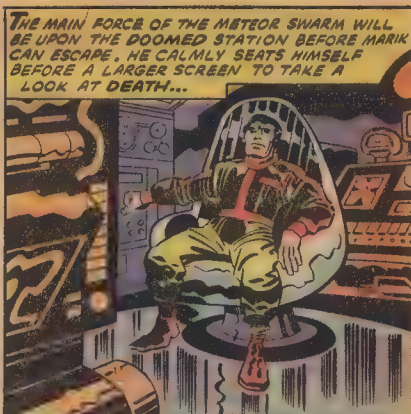
THEY'VE GOT
A CHANCE
DOWN THERE.
THEY'VE ONLY
TO WAIT
FOR
RESCUE!

NASA CONTROL
HAS BEEN
CONTACTED!

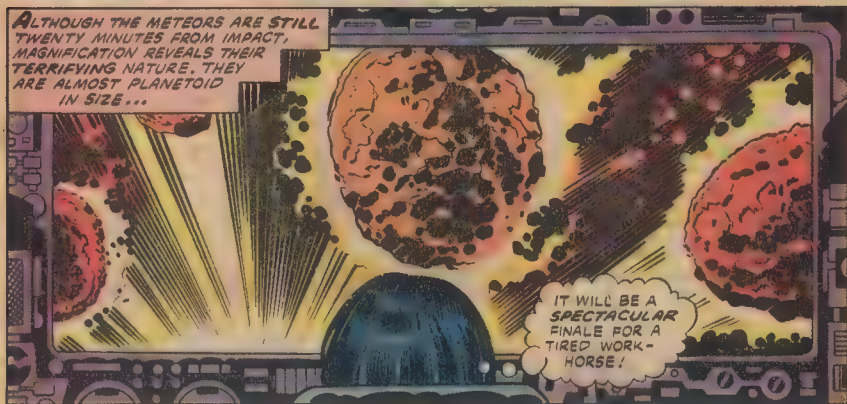


A VIDEO-CHECK CONFIRMS THE DEPARTURE OF THE SURVIVORS. MARIK SIGHS. HE KNOWS THAT HE WILL NEVER FOLLOW THEM TO MARS' SURFACE.

GOOD LUCK AND GOD-SPEED TO YOU ALL!



THE MAIN FORCE OF THE METEOR SWARM WILL BE UPON THE DOOMED STATION BEFORE MARIK CAN ESCAPE. HE CALMLY SEATS HIMSELF BEFORE A LARGER SCREEN TO TAKE A LOOK AT DEATH...

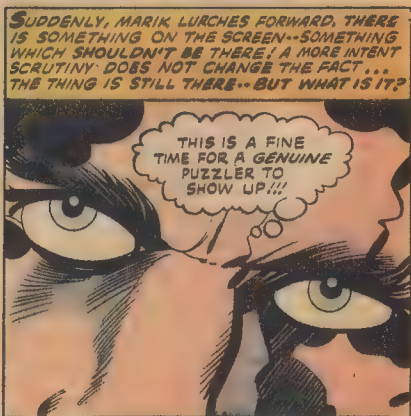


ALTHOUGH THE METEORS ARE STILL TWENTY MINUTES FROM IMPACT, MAGNIFICATION REVEALS THEIR TERRIFYING NATURE. THEY ARE ALMOST PLANETOID IN SIZE...

IT WILL BE A SPECTACULAR FINALE FOR A TIRED WORK-HORSE!



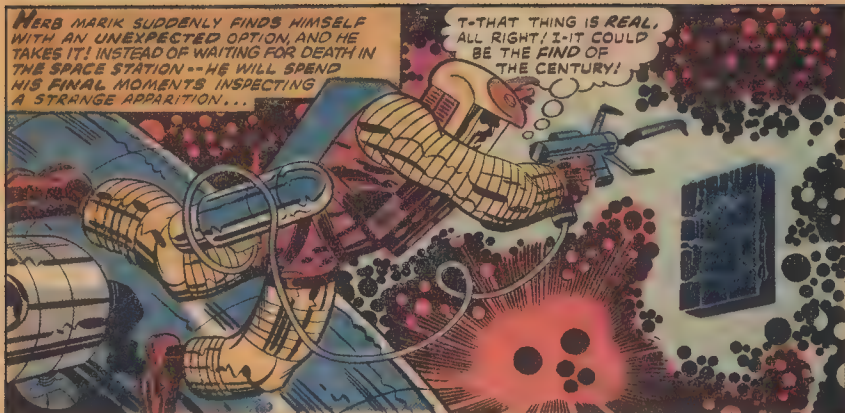
THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO DO NOW BUT WAIT. MARIK LEANS BACK IN HIS CHAIR. HE EXPERIENCES NO REGRETS. HE IS A TWO-STAR GENERAL WHO HAS RUN EARTH'S FINEST SPACE PROJECT. THERE ARE FEW MEN WITH SIMILAR ACHIEVEMENTS TO THEIR CREDIT.



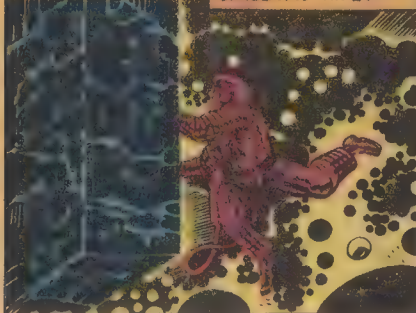
SUDDENLY, MARIK LURCHES FORWARD. THERE IS SOMETHING ON THE SCREEN--SOMETHING WHICH SHOULDN'T BE THERE! A MORE INTENT SCRUTINY DOES NOT CHANGE THE FACT... THE THING IS STILL THERE--BUT WHAT IS IT?

THIS IS A FINE TIME FOR A GENUINE PUZZLER TO SHOW UP!!!

HERB MARIK SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF WITH AN UNEXPECTED OPTION, AND HE TAKES IT! INSTEAD OF WAITING FOR DEATH IN THE SPACE STATION--HE WILL SPEND HIS FINAL MOMENTS INSPECTING A STRANGE APPARITION...



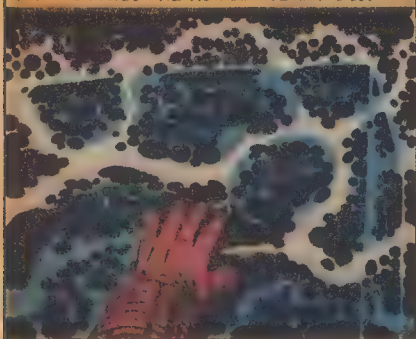
THE MONOLITH IS FIXED IN ITS POSITION TO MARIK--IT SEEMS UNFATHOMABLE, HE IS UNAWARE THAT HE IS COMPLETING THE LAST STAGE OF A PLAN WHICH HAS TRANSCENDED SPACE AND TIME!



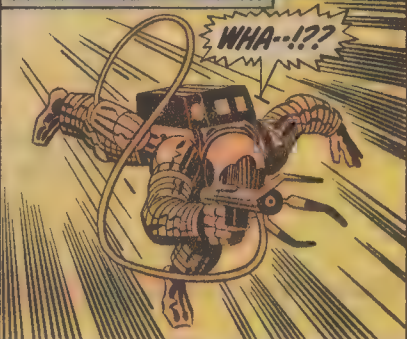
HIS THOUGHTS RACE MADLY THROUGH HIS TORTURED MIND, THERE IS SO LITTLE TIME. DEATH IS ON ITS WAY! AND HE HAS DISCOVERED THE FIRST INDICATION OF ALIEN INTELLIGENCE!



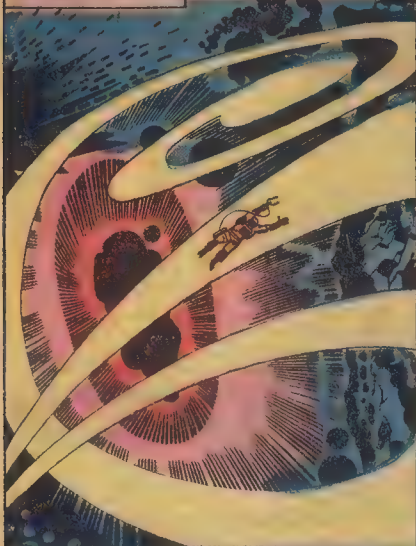
AT THAT MOMENT, THE MONOLITH ACTIVATES! IT MAKES A SOUND THAT FILLS MARIK WITH AN ODD YEARNING. HE EXTENDS HIS HAND AND TOUCHES THE RUGGED SURFACE...



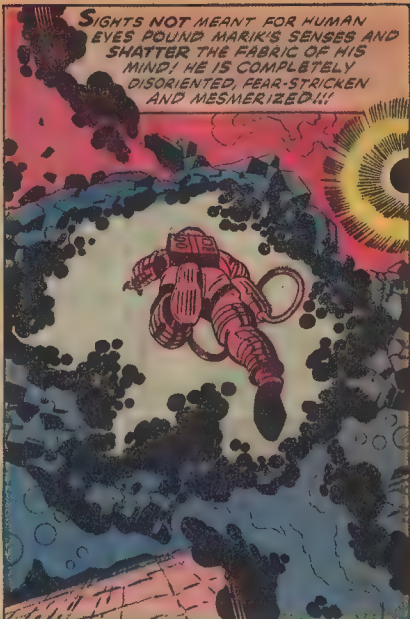
THEN, HE FEELS THE PULL--THE SWIFT WRENCH OF THE INFINITE--AS IT ADMITS HIM BODILY TO THE DEEPS BEYOND MAN'S KNOWLEDGE!! MARIK PLUNGES THROUGH...



IT IS A LONG, LONG SLIDE INTO AN UNRECOGNIZABLE VASTNESS WHERE LIGHT BENDS AND TWISTS AND CREATES SPECTACLES ALIEN TO HERB MARIK!!



SIGHTS NOT MEANT FOR HUMAN EYES POUND MARIK'S SENSES AND SHATTER THE FABRIC OF HIS MIND! HE IS COMPLETELY DISORIENTED, FEAR-STRICKEN AND MESMERIZED!!!



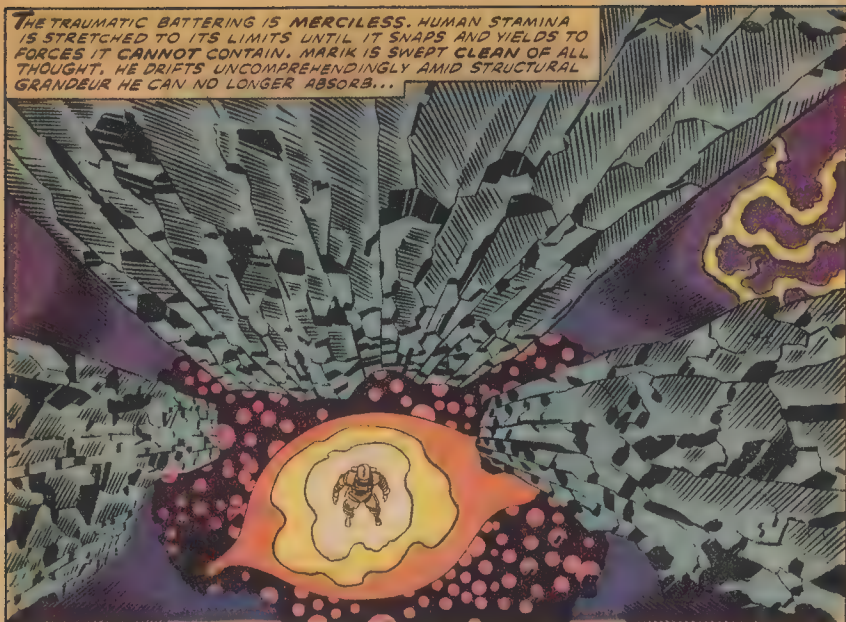
THE TERRIBLE FALL SEEMS NEVER-ENDING!! HE IS IN THE BELLY OF SOME CYCLOPEAN, DIMENSIONAL BEAST! HE IS A MOTE IN THE BLOODSTREAM OF HADES!! MARIK SCREAMS IN TERROR!!



THERE ARE NO ANSWERS TO HIS CRIES, THE DIMENSIONS ARE INDIFFERENT!! THEY OPEN WIDE BEFORE HIM AND REVEAL THINGS THAT ARE BEYOND DESCRIPTION!!!



THE TRAUMATIC BATTERING IS MERCILESS. HUMAN STAMINA IS STRETCHED TO ITS LIMITS UNTIL IT SNAPS AND YIELDS TO FORCES IT CANNOT CONTAIN. MARIK IS SWEEPED CLEAN OF ALL THOUGHT. HE DRIFTS UNCOMPREHENDINGLY AMID STRUCTURAL GRANDEUR HE CAN NO LONGER ABSORB...

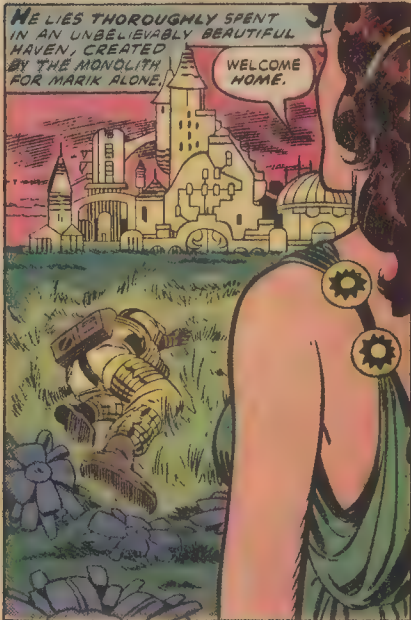


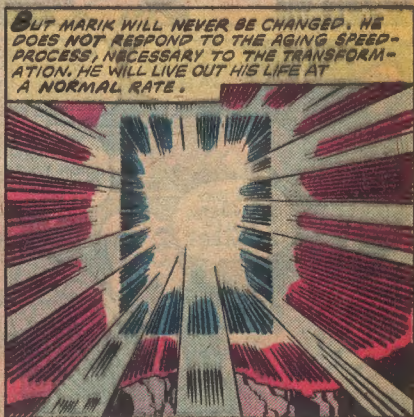
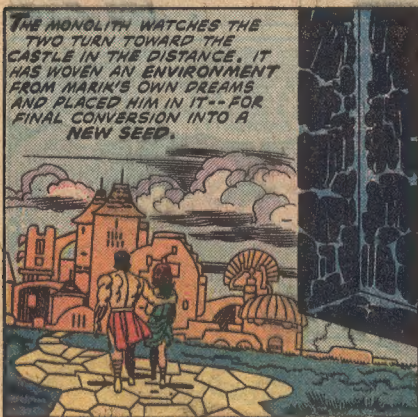
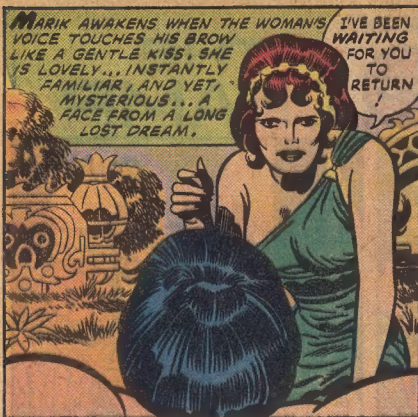
SUDDENLY, THERE IS A BLUE SKY AND BROAD FIELDS OF GREEN. MARIK DRIFTS GENTLY TO A SOFT LANDING ON THICK CARPET-LIKE GRASS...



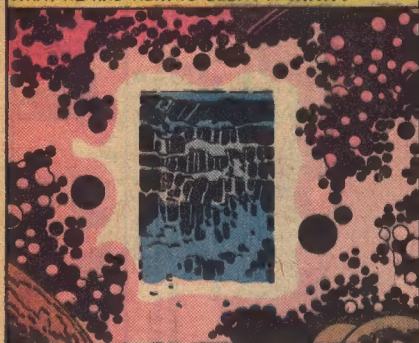
HE LIES THOROUGHLY SPENT IN AN UNBELIEVABLY BEAUTIFUL HAVEN, CREATED BY THE MONOLITH FOR MARIK ALONE.

WELCOME HOME.

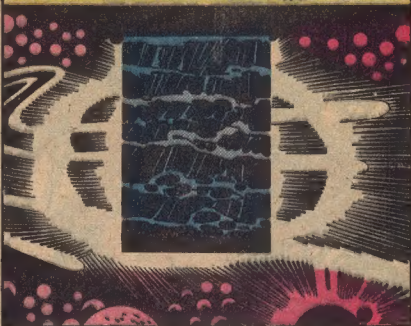




THE MONOLITH PHASES OUT OF THE ENVIRONMENT. IT WILL VANISH ON THE DAY OF MARIN'S DEATH... FOR HE WILL REMAIN WHAT HE HAS ALWAYS BEEN: A MAN.



BUT THIS HAS HAPPENED BEFORE. THE ALIEN PURPOSE OF CREATING A NEW SEED FROM THE HUMAN SPECIES HAS KNOWN RANDOM FAILURE. THERE WILL BE ANOTHER ATTEMPT... FOR THE PROCESS MUST GO ON.



MAN'S DESTINY IS TO ROAM THE STARS, AND THE PROOF OF IT IS EVER PRESENT IN HIS ABILITY TO BECOME A NEW SEED. THERE ARE MANY OF THESE IN EVERY SPATIAL QUADRANT...



THEY ARE LIKE FIREFLYS IN A GALACTIC FOREST, AND WHEN THEY DRAW NEAR, THEY GAZE AT THE ONLOOKER WITH EYES BOTH LARGE AND WISE...



THEN, THE NEW SEED IS GONE! EAGER-- IMPATIENT TO THRIVE AND DISCOVER.



THE MONOLITH DOES NOT ABANDON ITS TASK. IT WILL BEGIN AGAIN, AND CHOOSE THE NEXT CANDIDATE FOR A DESTINY OF IMMORTALITY.



ARE YOU READY FOR THIS??

COMING NEXT!

NORTON OF
NEW YORK
2240
A.D.

MONOLITH MAIL

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 575 MADISON AVE. N.Y.C. 10022

Dear Mr. Kirby,

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY isn't just another comic book to be read. It is a masterpiece to be appreciated.

The storyline not only entertains the reader, but causes one to do something that many people never do—it makes one think! The artwork has that special sparkle and glow that one not only sees, but feels.

Just like HOWARD THE DUCK, 2001 has its own identity... its own thoughts and ideas that cannot be copied. You can feel proud to have created such a comics epic.

Gerry Shamray
9217 Ansonia Ave.
Cleveland, OH 44144

Dear Mr. Kirby,

I don't know exactly what you have in mind for your new series, 2001, but I think the first issue was pretty good. Though a partial restatement of the movie, there were some obvious changes in the basic plot to accommodate your own conceptions.

The only thing I can find to complain about were your references to New Orleans. No evidence has ever been found of pre-men in any of the Americas—nothing earlier than full-fledged *Homo Sapiens*. And what about the procamelus, and the bit about its ancestors? Do you mean to suggest that there are or have been modern camels native to America?

Robert Reed
Graham Jr. College
460 Commonwealth Ave.
Boston, MA 02215

Gentlemen:

The opening of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY in the New Orleans region of the Miocene period is geologically impossible. The Miocene period—from 25-million to 13-million years ago—occurred long before the emergence of the earliest ancestors of man (circa 4-millions years ago). Therefore, the "One Who Hunts Alone" belongs at least 11-million years later, in the Pleistocene period. In addition, the New Orleans region was formed by the build-up of the Mississippi delta. Thus, there were no mountainous areas in that region at that time.

The asteroid sequence also has its problems. There cannot be fire in space. The oxygen in the ship must have dissipated almost instantly into the vacuum when the ship crashed, and without oxygen even the most flammable of materials will not burn.

Despite my criticisms, I have great hopes for 2001, and I hope to continue reading it for a long time.

Gary Sanger
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Quite all right, Gary! Without criticisms, we'd never be able to improve. And it looks like you've got us dead to rights on the Miocene *faux pas*! We'll head back to the books and try to keep our pre-history geology straight in the future.

We must take issue with the seeming error of the flaming spacecraft, however. Like many such craft, the ship carried a goodly supply of liquid oxygen. And when said stores of the liquefied gas ruptured, the resulting release was enough to provide for the otherwise impossible fire.

And to further answer your colleague and fellow reader, Mr. Reed—yes, it's true that there has been no evidence of pre-men in the Americas. That does not, however, mean that he did not exist. It merely means that scientists have not as yet found traces of such creatures. Perhaps they will some day. Or

perhaps they never will. You see, what we're dealing with here is a case of projected reality, of a reality that *might* exist. And it's that projected reality that we're using as a touchstone to test the possible futures of our imaginations.

We're reminded a bit of the writer who—upon hearing the results of an early Venus spaceprobe, one which soundly quashed any hopes of finding humanoid life on the planet—sat down and wrote a space opera of the most fantastic variety, dealing specifically with a civilization on Venus. Why? Well, after the results of the probe, no one was likely to ever write such a tale about Venus again, and he couldn't resist getting in one last lick.

Think about that for a while.

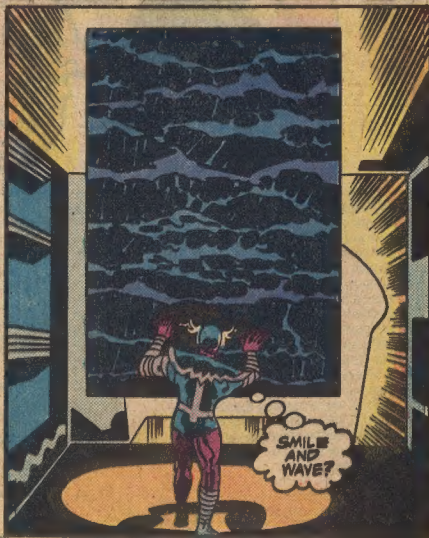
Dear Jack,

Concerning issue #1 of 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, all I can say is long live the King!

In other words, I liked it.

Mark Denton
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Ypsilanti, MI 48197

Next issue: From the past of Marak, and the near future of his descendant, we leap head-long into the midst of the 21st century. What happens when comic books evolve into a media experience unlike any you've ever seen? What happens when fantasy is the only release from an over-crowded world? You'll find out when you meet "Norton of New York: 2040 A.D.", coming your way in just thirty days! It's all there in the fifth fabulous issue of 2001—so don't miss it! And in the meantime, if you see a monolith...smile and wave!



2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

scanned by *Wizard*

